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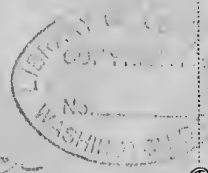
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Carrier Boy's Address



January 1st, 1869.

Henrietta



Detroit, Dec. 14th, 1868.

Dear Sir,

I offer this copy of a NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS as a sample of what I would be pleased to furnish you, under a suitable Cover, at the rate of Four Dollars per hundred; or, Three Dollars for the use of the manuscript, if you prefer printing it yourself.

But one copy is sent to a Post Office address, and care is taken that no two copies may come in contact.

Should you order, please do so "immediately," as the season is far advanced.

Should this proposal be "respectfully declined," please confer a favor by handing it to a contemporary.

A remittance reaching here by mail, either in a Registered Letter, or Money Order, will be promptly attended to; or will forward by Express, C.O.D., as may be desired.

Address,

DAVID RANKIN,

*Daily Union Office,
DETROIT, Mich.*

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Carrier Boy's Address.

WHILE I sat by my cheerful grate last night,
In a pensive and sombre mood ;
And watched the sparks in their upward flight,
Sparkle, and dandle, and dance with delight,
From the bark of the burning wood,
I thought of the tempest that raged without,
And the comfort that reigned within ;
And I heard old Boreas' lusty shout,
Putting the noise of the dance to rout,
And I knew that the storm must win.
And I gazed in the fire with a vacant stare,
When a mournful, sad refrain
Fell on my ears, like an angel's prayer,
And I turned me round in my easy-chair,
And looked to the window pane.
The rattling blind that would never close,
Swung on its creaking hinge ;
I turned me back to the fire, nor rose,
But dreamily sunk in a sweet repose,
That was hemmed with a golden fringe.
The fire near out, and the light burned low,
And the solemn midnight bell,
And the howling blast, and the driving snow,
Cowered me like a craven, so
Strangely, I cannot tell.
A voice behind, in a hollow tone,
Bade me dispel my fears ;
Then I knew that the ghost of the year, full grown,
Tarried a moment upon his throne,
Before he would join his peers.

"Twelve months ago to-night," he said,
 "A night as fierce and wild,
The winds were bleak, and the trees were dead,
And the spotless snow was a downy bed
 For me, then, a new-born child."

"And the bells pealed forth their merry chimes,
 And the homage of good and great
Was showered on this waif of goodly times,
And songsters sang, of their ready rhymes,
 And they christened me 'Sixty-Eight.'"

"The morning dawn'd upon the land,
 And a lusty, rousing cheer
Went up from many a merry band,
As friend met friend, and hand grasped hand,
 They drank to the bright New Year,"

"Of the ruby wine that bubbled o'er;
 And the great house-dog, that lay
On the matted floor, by the opening door,
Growled a welcome to rich and poor,
 To feast on my natal day."

"And the moments flew into hours of mirth,
 And the days and weeks sped on;
My friends spoke not of my joyous birth,
For the virgin snow which had robed the earth
 Like a swadling band, was gone."

"The grass grew green, and the budding trees
 With the balmy spring-time came;
The odor of flowers on the fragrant breeze,
The snow-white sails on the crested seas,
 And beauties I cannot name"

"Crown'd my youth; then manhood's power
 And pride were all my own;
The summer shower, and the shady bower,
Lengthen'd each ripe and fruitful hour,
 And days their full length had grown."

"The grass grew brown, and the leaves turned sere,
And the autumn winds blew chill;
A flurry of snow brought the school-boys' cheer,
And people spoke of the 'fond old year,'
And said 'we will love him still.'"

"Then winter's blast turned my golden locks
As white as the driven snow;
And my palsied form now sways and rocks,
Like the stiffened branch o'er your frozen walks,
And tortures me to and fro."

"But grant me this last, and only prayer,
Provide for the poor," he said;
A silence ensued, and then, and there,
I turned me round in my easy-chair,
But the dying year was dead.

The midnight bell had ceased to toll,
The brands upon the hearth
Burst forth afresh, and every coal
Crimsoned anew, until the whole
Sparkled with joyous mirth.

The glimmer that shone against the wall
Brighter and brighter grew,
Shedding its lustre over all,
Chasing dim shadows that would not fall,
And melting them out of view.

I rubbed my eyes, and thus said to myself,
"The work of a fevered brain;
(As the miser dreams of his hoarded pelf.)
But ghost, or spirit, or fairy elf,
Shall trouble me ne'er again."

The sentence I spoke scarce died away,
When a chuckling at my side
Transformed the words that I still would say;
But elves are real, and strange pranks play,
And spirits are *bona fide*.

A bright little cherub, a laughing sprite,
With a winning and roguish smile—
An elf that would guide our thoughts aright,
With a heart that was joyous, and feather light,
And in whom there was no guile,
Floated before me, with hand stretched forth,
That he lovingly placed in mine;
And he spoke of the hour that gave him birth—
A monarch, to rule o'er all the earth,
And a diamond " '69,"

Glittered on leaves of a laurel wreath
That circled his elfish brow;
"Time is; Time was; Time I bequeath;"
He said, "to all who are underneath,
And struggle for freedom now."

I clasped the hand with a fervent grasp;
The words were an omen of good,
For the lips were pure, and could only lisp,
"The olive-branch, and the sword I clasp,
Choose now which ye would."

And I twined the olive-branch for sport,
When thus said my youthful friend:
"Try peace, good will, a mild retort,
If these all fail, as a last resort,
The sword, to the bitter end."

And he bade me rise, and he led me forth
Through passes I'd never known;
And he made me acquainted with men of worth,
Of goodly deeds, but of humble birth,
And he said, "these are Nature's own."

And he led me up to the rich man's door,
And we traversed the spacious hall;
But he whispered that all things were not pure,
"Twere better outside, with the starving poor,
To partake of the crumbs that fall,

Than dare the danger and foul disgrace
Of every besetting sin;
And live our lives in a lone'y place,
Than sere our souls, when face to face
With the putrid corpse within.

And he gave me a book that I understood,
It was bound in gold and blue;
The motto was old, but very good,
It was "Do unto others as ye would
That men should do unto you."

And my name was written so very queer,
I am sure no man alive
Could master it, with its crook and leer,
And every page was a day of the year—
Three hundred and sixty-five.

He said, "these pages are blank, you see,
You will have them written up
With good or bad, it is naught to me,
But one year, to-night, I will visit thee,
To read them while you sup."

And he led me on o'er frosted hills,
And through the mazy dance,
And it pleased him to hear the merry bells,
And to see the kisses, and fond farewells,
And the lover's roguish glance,

As he bid adieu to his hope and pride,
After dancing the new year in;
And he knew full well that the new year ride,
A loving spouse and a blushing bride,
Each would the other win.

Then he led me back to my cozy nook,
"Farewell," he said, and was gone;
Nothing was left but my golden book;
I turned my head to the pane to look,
When the first grey light of dawn

Came peering in ; the falling snow
Had wrapped the cold earth around ;
The fire still burned with a golden glow ;
I doubted myself, yet it must be so,
For the book that was golden bound

Lay in my hand ; so I sat me down,
And pondered, and wrote, and wrote,
Of the fond old year, with his dying frown,
Of the bright new year, and his diamond crown,
And the fancies that seldom float

In a steady brain, that is calm and clear ;
When the Newsboy's joyous shout,
In a stentor voice, with a lusty cheer,
Wishing the world a bright new year,
Put my bright dreams to rout.

"Take this," I said, "to every door,"
And he gave me a thoughtful look,
"Tell mankind of the starving poor,
And charge them to write what is good and pure,
On the leaves of their golden book."

Away he dashed, with a newsboy's cheer,
And I heard him shout with joy ;
Dim in the distance, loud and clear,
"Hail, kind friends, a Bright New Year,"
I am, your

CARRIER BOY.



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